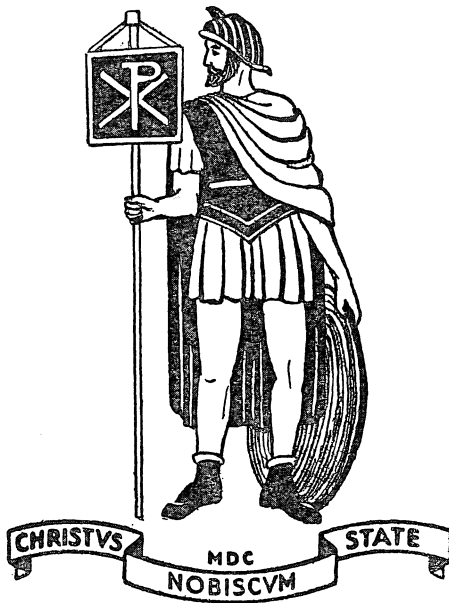


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1954

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 108.

JULY, 1954

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Ann Palmer, Ann Swinglehurst, Beryl Pope, Davis, Bolt i, Lancaster i,
Pinfield.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

*Cooper, B. J. (VI.), 1948-54.
Dyke, A. W. (V.B), 1949-54.
Jones, D. B. (V.B), 1949-54.
Sollis, M. J. (IV.A), 1950-54.

Parr, M. J. (IILA), 1951-54.
Burkby, J. A. (II.B), 1953-54.
Melville R. S. (I.A), 1953-54.
Connolly, T. G. (I.B), 1953-54.

* Prefect.

There have been 295 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

President : Mrs. M. Feast.

Treasurer : G. P. Baylis. *Joint Secretaries* : G. H. Canning, J. Hopkins.

Easter Dance

The annual Easter dance was held in the Town Hall, Alcester, on Easter Tuesday, April 20th. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The Committee would, however, like to see rather more Old Scholars on these occasions, thus rewarding more suitably the efforts of those concerned in arranging these dances. The M.C. for the evening was G. H. Canning.

The Roll of Honour

The Committee are still occupied with the subject of the Roll of Honour and hope to be able to make a definite announcement in the near future.

Summer Reunion

The annual Summer Reunion will take place at the School, by kind permission of the Headmaster, on Saturday, July 17th. It is proposed to start tennis at 2.30 p.m. and to make a break for tea at 4.30. Supper will be at eight o'clock, and the usual dance will follow until midnight.

Cricket Match

It is hoped that the Old Scholars will be able to play the annual cricket match with the School on the evening of Monday, July 19th, starting at 6.30.

BIRTHS

- On March 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Fitzsimmons (née Barbara Hewlett)—a daughter.
- On March 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Styles (née Eileen Rose)—a daughter.
- On April 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Burden—a son.
- On April 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Gittus—a son.
- On May 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Holton (née Margaret Barker)—a daughter.
- On June 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Baylis (née Valerie Smith)—a son.

MARRIAGES

- On March 20th, at Alcester, Michael J. Pick to Jacqueline Wilkes (scholar, 1945-48).
- On March 20th, at Shottery, Geoffrey William Payne to Dorothy Gravestock (scholar, 1946-49).
- On March 27th, at Arrow, David John Gittus to Jean Redfern (scholar, 1947-50).
- On March 27th, at Bromley, John Graham Astbury (scholar, 1943-45) to Barbara Gwyneth Read.
- On May 22nd, at Alcester, Richard George Hopkins to Dorothy Ann Rose (scholar, 1939-50).
- On May 22nd, at Bidford-on-Avon, David Bennett to Marjorie M. Vincent (scholar, 1946-49).
- On June 7th, at Alcester, Brian Adkins (scholar 1944-47) to Miriam Goodway.

DEATH

- On March 12th, at Bromsgrove, John Kenneth Sisson (scholar 1912-15), aged 57 years.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Celia Chapman has been appointed Chairman of the Alcester Rural District Council, being the first woman to occupy this position.

* * *

Barbara Druller was awarded her hockey half-colours last term, at Westfield College, University of London.

* * *

R. D. Cottrill has joined the R.A.F.

* * *

We are pleased to learn that Josephine Findon is making a good recovery after her accident.

BRIDGES

There is no doubt that bridges are useful and often awe-inspiring creations of man. There is no natural beauty to be found in them, but the curved, delicate shape of the modern suspension bridge is art in itself. I always remember gazing at Bristol Suspension Bridge with rapt, wondering eyes, and a little fear in my heart. It looked very large and overpowering, and just a little frightening; I thought I would never have the courage to stand upon that grey, massive bridge and gaze down into the swirling waters of the river. Thankfully, that fear has now been overcome at the great age of sixteen, and one of my most thrilling memories is that of standing on Westminster Bridge in London.

It was a beautiful day in August, and as I stood gazing at the scene I knew a sudden and urgent desire to put my feelings down on paper, either in painting or in words. As this was impossible, being on Westminster Bridge, I had to be content with just looking and memorising the beauty. The grey Houses of Parliament stood outlined against a clear, azure sky, and the brilliant sunshine made the deep, dancing waves of the Thames sparkle up at the people gazing down over the parapet of the bridge. Boats of all kinds and sizes sailed below us, full of laughing, carefree holiday-makers; girls in bright summer dresses and young men in more sober grey flannels and white shirts. Children laughed and shouted excitedly. This was London, and it was summer. This was not the grey, dreary London that one hears of in books, but a gay and laughing city on a summer's day. It was my first visit to London, and I am always secretly thankful that it was this bright, sunny city I first saw.

Another memory I hold dear is also connected with a bridge. But it is a memory far removed from the grandeur of London and Westminster Bridge. Not far from my home there is a little rustic bridge set over a tiny river in a large, green meadow. It is a little, old-fashioned, stone bridge, but in the minds and hearts of a certain group of mischievous children, playing all sorts of mysterious games, it has been so many wonderful things in many parts of wonderful lands. In turn it has been a raft in mid-Atlantic, a rope ladder over a large and endless ravine in the heart of the Rockies, an Indian canoe in which four or five breathless children were "shooting Niagara," or the bridge in the story on the willow-pattern plates in grandma's cupboard. If that little bridge had the tongue and the imagination of children, it could tell many wonderful stories of Robin Hood, Tarzan, Roy Rogers and other characters, either real or make-believe. It could tell of games which no grown-up could ever attempt to understand, because they cannot view life and its happenings from the minds of a group of children.

Many times, the raft has sprung a leak, or the ship has sunk, and one or two of us have fallen into the river. With soaking clothes, we would cheerfully scramble from the river and wend our way homewards, to be met by a scolding but smiling mother. She would patiently listen to the exciting story of the ship-wreck, smile indulgently and pack us

off to bed with hot milk. But, we felt, mothers never understood about the bridge, or just how much it played a part in our young lives.

Now, so many years later, the bridge must feel lonely, because no children play there. Sometimes I go and stand on the bridge and gaze down into the waters. I remember the years gone by and the stories and the games, and the make-believe. It has a soothing effect, because even at sixteen, life has its problems, though to the adult they may seem trivial and unimportant. Bridges, you see, gulf not only the space of feet and yards, but sometimes the heart and the mind, and the years.

CAROLYN WOODWARD (V.A).

SEEKING INSPIRATION

The day is hot, the sun beats down, sending its golden shafts through the open windows upon the sweating, toiling specks of humanity within. The sky is blue and cloudless, and chances of relief from this fierce tormentor are negligible.

At their desks some of the more carefree specks of humanity sit gazing stonily into space, blank paper, except for a hurriedly scribbled name at the top, before them. The previous night these children had returned home and with a sigh had cast away their satchels and sallied out to indulge in cricket and other frivolous but self-satisfying occupations. Now, with the morrow, retribution is at hand; the hour of judgment has arrived.

One such carefree child, who has been gazing into space with a stare so stony that it bordered on imbecility, changed his position from that of lolling over one side of the desk to that of lolling over the other, and proceeded to stare in the other direction. For him no inspiration had come. He had looked around at the faces of his partners in misfortune, but the glassy stares, devoid of any expression, had not supplied him with any data. The minutes tick slowly by and the teacher in charge looks round. Her eyes settle on him, and she heaves a sigh and shakes her head. "That boy," she thinks, "he just will not try. He was probably spending most of last night fooling about with a cricket ball." If he could have heard her he would have been very indignant and would probably have pointed out that he had done nothing of the sort, but had spent his time diligently trying to force his dog and the next-door-neighbour's cat to brawl openly in the garden.

Suddenly he started, snatched up his pen and began to write in hurried, uneven writing. Once more he had been saved by some inexplicable flash. Inspiration had visited him.

N. J. PINFIELD (IV.A).

WILD BIRD MEMORIES

I wish to relate in a few paragraphs three true stories of wild birds. I have chosen these three because they are some which I shall always remember.

The most vivid in my mind is that of a sparrow-hawk and sparrow. It happened one evening when I was walking down our garden. I noticed a sparrow, obviously frightened of something, flying towards a nearby bush. Then, suddenly, a sparrow-hawk appeared from nowhere and caught the smaller bird in mid-air without breaking his own flight. At first I was astonished; then this astonishment changed to wonderment as the sparrow-hawk disappeared in a wood a field away.

The next incident happened one cold, crisp, winter's day last year, when I was walking by the river. I was startled by a queer whistling noise. I looked about me and saw sixteen wild ducks descending to the river, where they landed in a field away downstream. I walked to near where I had seen them land. Then I crept to some bushes near the river bank. I could hear the strange whistling noise, as well as a few quacks, more clearly now. I slowly rose until I could get a good view of the river. Then I saw them, twelve mallards (or wild ducks) and four widgeon, all swimming around contentedly quacking. I remember these ducks, because they were the first widgeon I had seen.

A little incident which happened this June will show how some birds will trust you. I was peering into a lilac bush to find the cause of a lot of squeaks that had been coming from it. The makers of the noise were five baby wrens, all sitting around in the branches. My opening the branches frightened them all except one, who did not follow the others. The one left hopped along the wall I was standing on, climbed my trousers and jersey, then perched on my shoulder, not knowing what to do. I solved his problem by picking him up (this he did not mind a bit) and then placing him in the hedge where the others had taken refuge.

M. J. HAWTHORNE (IV.B).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer Term opened on Tuesday, May 4th, and closes on Friday, July 23rd.

* * *

The cross-country races were run on Wednesday, March 24th, the senior event being won by Whittaker, and the junior event by Gill.

* * *

On Wednesday, April 7th, a party of the Sixth Form visited the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon for a production of "Othello."

* * *

The Spring Term examinations took place from March 24th to April 2nd.

* * *

On Friday, April 9th, members of the Fourth Forms, with Miss Evans and Mr. Petherbridge, paid a visit to Messrs. Cadbury's factory at Bournville.

During the early part of last Term, Mr. Bowker, of Birmingham University, was with us for teaching practice.

* * *

The annual hockey match between the Staff and the Girls' 1st XI. was played in the afternoon of Monday, April 12th. It resulted in a draw of one goal each.

* * *

The picture for the tidiest Form room was awarded last Term to Form II.A.

* * *

The School photograph was taken on Thursday, May 6th, the assembly being rudely terminated by heavy rain.

* * *

The French oral examinations for candidates at Advanced level were held on Friday, May 14th, and for those at Ordinary level on Tuesday, May 25th.

* * *

The whole of Whit week was taken as a half-term holiday. Most of us will for long remember the succession of wet days during that period.

* * *

Practical needlework examinations for candidates at Ordinary level were taken by members of the Fifth Forms during May.

* * *

Examinations for the General Certificate of Education began on Tuesday, June 15th, and finished on Thursday, July 8th.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Petherbridge on the birth of a son.

* * *

Sports Day has been arranged for Thursday, July 15th. An account of the events of that day, together with results, will appear in the next *Record*.

* * *

On Wednesday, June 23rd, a party of Forms IV.A and IV.B, with Miss Young and Mr. Druller, attended a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre.

PREFECTS

There is one arm of the law which is very important to school-children but is not recognised by any official police force and receives no wages. I speak of the band of people whose task is to help keep schoolchildren in order, namely, prefects.

A prefect is a human being. Let anyone try to prove otherwise! It can be male or female, although the male of the species is generally assumed to be the worse. The A.G.S. variety can be distinguished from

other human beings by a small silver badge, suitably inscribed, usually worn in the left lapel. It also wears a black tie with a pattern of two narrow red stripes, except when the female of the species puts on its summer plumage, which is usually constructed in such a way that a tie would have great difficulty in attaching itself to it. When in full dress, the male can also be distinguished by a large, red blob in the centre of an otherwise black cap. However, it has not been unknown for certain of the species, especially the females, to go around without any distinguishing marks. This makes life difficult for anyone not acquainted with the faces of all the prefects likely to be in a given location. This is particularly the case just after the species has been reinforced, usually in September.

A prefect is a representative of the Staff, but a prefect does not represent any particular member of the Staff. If the latter were the case at A.G.S., because there are more prefects than Staff, each prefect would have to be content with the representation of approximately 0.7826 of a member of Staff.

Prefects come in all shapes, colours and sizes, and with all kinds of tempers. Some appear to try to collect a specimen of the handwriting of every person in the School, whilst others try to make sure that delinquents know their hymns well, although as yet no delinquent knows the whole of hymn number 396.

Contrary to general opinion, prefects have other things to do besides keeping an eagle eye on those who are apt to break rules. Sixth Formers, who form the majority of the prefects, have an average of three hours' homework a day during Term time and are requested to do a bit during the holidays. This is in addition to normal lessons, so we can now say that prefects are hard workers, especially those who take the General Certificate of Education in the near future.

The ranks of prefects are constantly changing, and four years is usually the outside limit during which any one person is a prefect. So to any of you who may become prefects in the future, may I wish the best of luck and a long "reign."

R. M. BOLT (VI.).

THE DANGERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

My friend, having bought a new camera, wished to try it out. He said that, as he was fond of animals, that subject was what he would concentrate on. Previously we had seen a film about "shooting" animals in Africa with a camera.

With his head filled with ideas of tracking animals, nothing would stop him. We took the dog with us, because we thought he might "up" a few creatures that we should not normally see.

Our first visit was to a field with cows in it. My friend became so interested in tracking a calf, in order to get a head-on picture, that he did not notice a cow, walking behind him, watching every move. He

succeeded in getting his "shot" and he turned round to come back. He was confronted by the cow. She must have looked huge from where he was. I wonder he didn't feel its breath down his neck. My friend took another look, and then we both ran for the fence.

We walked on, having mastered our fears, down to the river. There, my friend insisted on taking a picture of a swan on her nest. He said that I was to lean on his feet while he stretched out over the water to take the photo.

He cannot have a very strong back, for he succeeded in doing a nose dive. I helped him out, and then I asked if I could take a picture of him as King Neptune, with water weed in his hair and mud on his face. At this remark, I found myself in danger of being thrown in.

Now, my friend is taking pictures of humans with "say cheese" grins.

P. COOKE (IV.A).

CRICKET, LOVELY CRICKET

Cricket, for those among us who are able to return phenomenal bowling figures and batting averages, may be a noble sport, but for those, like me, who have not contributed to the score and have nothing to show for their part in a triumphant victory but several unpleasant-looking insect bites, it is not a very rewarding one.

But, on hearing a certain successful member of the team expressing the opinion that our fielding is better than that of the boys, we can (never having seen them in action) smile approvingly, remembering, at the same time, the one male spectator who had the frightening desire to see us take the field against the New Zealand women's eleven, now touring this country.

There is really nothing to be said about fielding. When one stands on the same spot for what seems like an hour, not having touched the ball once in that time, one is lucky to have the diversion of tracing a handsome, hairy caterpillar across the wicket.

The glory usually goes to our opening batsmen, who, looking to neither right nor left, swagger confidently to the wicket. The opposing fieldsmen are obviously awed. But it is evident that as wickets fall their respect for the batsmen dwindles and their nonchalance seems, to Number Seven, positively intimidating. They stare at her with languid interest, while the wicket-keeper looks on, with an expression of mingled contempt and curiosity. She approaches the crease with a nervous grin and faltering step—two left pads being the only defence available when preparing for the exit of the previous batsmen. Why bother asking for "centre"? she thinks. "There's a hole here big enough for a rabbit to sprain its ankle in." Oh well—"Centre please!"

Number Seven received about seven balls in all. Having missed the first few, she found it encouraging to hit the next, even if it was straight to a fielder. The following ball—a wide—she disdainfully ignored, but the next ball proved her downfall. "Where's it gone?

I heard it. I must have hit it. Oh, there it is," and she stands complacently watching it, as it descends vertically into the wicket-keeper's gloved hands. Being more experienced—this is her second game—she manages to walk from the wicket, instead of "haring off" as though her life depended on it.

I would like to think that seven is an unlucky number, but I am not superstitious, and I have reached the conclusion that my type of cricket is better suited to a sandy wicket.

ANN SWINGLEHURST (V.A.).

PADDLING IN PAPER

As our back-door opens out on to a rather muddy path, my mother, on wet days, usually puts down some paper on the kitchen floor to keep it clean, and as the dining-room leads off the kitchen, just inside on the carpet she put another sheet of paper. One summer's day (it was raining) a builder friend of my father's came to consult him about a plan. He walked through the door of the dining-room, and stood on the sheet of paper, as he did not want to dirty the carpet. As it was rather a warm day (despite the rain) he had on his feet a pair of white tennis pumps. Standing in the centre of the paper, cap in his hands, he began to speak to my father, and I went on reading my book. Suddenly I became conscious of a rustling of paper. Peering over the arm of the settee, I perceived Mr. Smith, the builder, literally paddling in paper. The paper was foaming round his feet rising higher and higher up his legs. Fascinated, I watched the sticky pumps thrashing up the paper. I soon became helpless with laughter. Daddy asked what was up, but I could only point speechlessly at Mr. Smith's feet. Then daddy started laughing, and Mr. Smith glanced apprehensively down at his feet. His face creased into a broad beam. There, around his feet, was a churned, foaming, shredded mass of paper. Daddy and I then had the job of disentangling Mr. Smith from the wretched paper.

DIANA ROBERTS (II.A.).

HELL ON EARTH

12.15 a.m. The eternal round of handshakes over, I had just climbed into bed and was reviewing the day's proceedings—shopping, visiting local churches and other places of interest, having tea with a newly-married friend of the family, watching television, starring Maurice Chevalier, with other friends next door—when all hope of sleep forsook me.

Medusa, the Hydra and the Monster of Lerna, were in the vicinity; the snakes and the serpent-like creatures hissed in concert, the sound growing in intensity as it approached. Absolute silence, the silence of sleep or death, prevailed in the path of the dread chorus; no movement broke the stillness; darkness enshrouded all. The harsh sibilance reached

a crescendo. The whip of Pluto cracked once; the urn of Minos thundered to the floor. The world shook. The tortures had begun. Giant flames arose, casting a lurid glare on a cold, green scene, strewn here and there with chiselled boulders, silhouetting edifices erected by toiling prisoners. Milton's Hell was no more awful. Screams rent the air, echoed back from encircling walls of stone, then silence enveloped all, relieved only by the occasional stir as whip-lash and urn caused loosened masonry to fall. The flames spurted, flickered, died. Strange twin lights stabbed the pervading gloom, then faded, to regain minutes later their original brightness. The ground was covered with bright fragments which flashed as the dying light touched them.

12.20 a.m. Pluto's rule on earth was over; the world resumed its mantle of stillness and complete obscurity. I slept.

Next morning the papers bore the paragraph: "Explosion which occurred last night at the new plastic-material factory at M . . . resulted in no loss of life. Officials who rushed immediately to the accident found all the windows broken and all the workers fled. Reason for explosion is given as excessive compression in the valves." Hell's reign was still a myth.

BARBARA DRULLER (Scholar, 1942-53).

OLLA PODRIDA

Electricity, writes M.C., is used for ironing and boiling water.

* * *

At the dinning table, L.S. tell us, you are to keep quiet until the meal is severed.

* * *

R.B. informs us that Tam o' Shanter was wearing a hat which was round with a knob on the end.

* * *

Red lead, says B.R., is yellow when hot and white when cold.

* * *

He was good at doctoring, writes D.A., and could kill men very quickly.

* * *

He told Biom, states R.B., that his four fathers were kings.

* * *

In 1769, writes a IV.B historian, John Watt painted his steam-engine.

* * *

A crystal, remarks R.D., has sharp corners.

* * *

According to P.B., the nearest way to a man's heart is through a woman's cooking.

* * *

The soldier had retired, writes V.B., and he was now a peninsula.

A MINIATURE GARDEN

Have you ever made a miniature garden? A few weeks ago I helped in the making of one. The first thing we did was to obtain a tin plate from the scullery, and to make a general plan of what we were going to put on it. The plan looked very exciting, but what the garden would look like when put on the plate none of us could imagine.

The next step that we took was to find a tin and trowel, and collect clay from the banks on the sides of the stream. On collecting this, we made our way home, to set to work on our task. We modelled the clay into hill-like shapes, and a quick scoop of the fingers made a perfect little pond, with clay banks.

Flowers were collected from our gardens, and small pieces of rock from the rockery. We then raced up to the woods on our bicycles, and got some moss and twigs. After a great deal of hard work we had finished our miniature garden, but there seemed to be a fault. We studied the plan and then looked at the real thing. The pond looked silly, so out came part of the bank, and the pond was made larger. Some small steps were then made, leading from the pond to nowhere, it seemed. We then put water in the pond, and the clay banks, still having not set, began to make the pond look like a muddy duck-pool. It was entered in a competition, and much to our surprise we gained third prize.

JENNIFER BURDEN (IV.A).

RESEARCH IS MY BUSINESS

When I began work as a scientific assistant at the National Vegetable Research Station, Wellesbourne, twelve months ago, it was with some apprehension, as I had forsaken my science studies three years previously, but, quite naturally, with a feeling of excitement. I still possess these same feelings, which are now inspired by scientific research, where anything can, and does, happen.

Most S.A.s (as we juniors are called) at times wonder what acts of insanity they will be asked to perform next for the furtherance of research into the breeding, diseases, pests or irrigation of vegetables, but after a few months it seems quite natural to carry out these "odd jobs." Eventually, our minds become trained to follow the same lines of thought as the scientific officers to whom we are assistants, and all concerned become excited towards the termination of an experiment, especially if the desired result appears to be forthcoming.

The section of the Station to which I belong is concerned with the breeding of plants, and we spend a great deal of the summer pollinating and cross-pollinating different varieties of sprout, cauliflower, onion, beetroot, carrot and lettuce.

This job requires a large number of paint brushes, both thick and thin, a white overall, a steady hand and a cool head on the warmest day in the hottest greenhouse! However, the good seed-sets we have seen so far have made all the hot, tiring days worth while. We did try bee-keeping to relieve us of some responsibility, but it appears that we

poor humans have done a better job with our paint brushes than the bees with their natural talent.

During a cold, wet spell last autumn, I spent several weeks, sometimes with a fellow S.A., taking measurements on sprout plants in the middle of a large field in order to discover whether they were smaller than, theoretically, they should have been. This experiment was so successful that I have been warned that the same gallantry will be expected of me in the coming autumn.

Although we laugh at ourselves and methods used to achieve our aims, we do take our work seriously, and feel very proud when the results of our labours can be seen on farms, in gardens and in the shops.

KATHLEEN J. HIGHMAN (Scholar, 1947-53).

THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO DO

Is there anything you would like to be able to do? Any small, silly thing, that you have seen other people do, but never been able to do yourself?

I should like to do many small things. To mention a few, I should like to win a raffle or solve a crossword puzzle correctly. I should be very excited if I could knock down a coconut at a fun fair. It would be a great surprise if I planted a seed which would grow, or threw a dart which hit the dartboard. I should have a great thrill if I could sit down at a piano and be able to play a tune without mistakes. I should also like very much to finish the dress I have been making in needlework for the last year.

These are just a few of the small things I should like to be able to do, not forgetting a successful entry for the school magazine.

MARY JAMES (IV.A).

A VISIT TO A SMUGGLERS' DEN

When I was eleven years old I lived by the sea, and spent most of my time roaming over the Great Orme, which is a mountain in the seaside town of Llandudno.

One day my friend Stanley and I decided to roam to the other side of the mountain, where there were caves by the dozen. Most of them were natural caves; in fact, only two caves were man-made! There was one cave that seemed very exciting to us, looking at it from a protruding piece of rock. To get to this cave, we had to walk along a sheep-track overlooking a steep precipice. One slight slip and . . . Gradually we worked our way along the track for about one hundred yards until we came to a grass slope, which we soon had climbed. Next came a perilous climb down to a ledge of rock about four feet wide and about eight feet long, then we had to jump over a three foot gap and find a hold on a "finger" of rock. Struggling up, we reached the cave entrance. This feat was done in just over one-quarter of an hour.

Before entering the cave we sat down to rest for five minutes, and then we entered our goal. "Smugglers' Den"! It is the sort of cave you descend, and not keep on the level. This one had iron rungs all the way down, and ended in a "basin" of rock which was full of water. We stepped over this and wandered into the cave. We did not have battery torches, so we used torches of paper, and walked to the room where the smugglers used to store their smuggled goods.

We were very pleased to get there, and sat in the dark listening to all the peculiar sounds until we decided to go back home. We got home in half-an-hour's time, tired and happy with our day's wanderings.

K. BILLINGTON (II.B).

HAIR STYLES

Girls are vain creatures who are usually longing for new clothes and a different hair style. This mania for changing hair styles starts at a very early age. Some children have the problem solved for them by being born with curls. Alas, I was not among this happy band, and in fact in my bouncing baby photographs I don't look as if I had any hair at all, for it was so fair. However, in photographs taken three or four years later, I have shoulder-length blonde hair, laboriously curled at the end by being wound in rags. This makes me look unbelievably angelic. When I started school, my sunny locks were cut and I favoured a short bob for a few years. Then came the plait craze, and I begged my mother to allow me to grow plaits. They started off as two short bunches of hair tied with ribbons and sticking out at a tangent from the back of my head. However, they eventually reached a good length. (Anyway, they were long enough to be pulled by nasty little boys.) Then at the age of eleven I decided that plaits were far too junior, so off they came and my hair was then worn in a carefully-curled page-boy roll, but the curl was rather apt to disappear on damp or wet days, so my mother agreed to let me have a "perm." I dreamed of having a lovely head of curls, but before I was due to have it permed I had to have half my hair shaved off owing to illness. I did not look quite so angelic with hair on the left side of my head with the right side quite bald. When at last all my hair had grown again, my mother decided that I was too young for a "perm" but agreed that I could have my hair cut in the short straight cuts that were the fashion at the time. When I returned home from the hairdresser's, mother disgustedly told me that I looked like a boy. Despite this remark, I continued to wear my hair short, because it is easier to keep tidy and it is not so much trouble as a curly style.

BERYL POPE (V.A).

THE BRIGADE TO THE RESCUE

Every time I go on a holiday it seems to rain. The last time I went it simply poured down. Towards the end of my stay the weather altered and it became sunny and warm, so we went for a walk.

We went along the river, which was badly flooded. In the middle of this river you find small islands, and these small islands were nearly covered by water. Suddenly we saw a small punt coming down the river very fast: it was caught in the main current, which was very strong. In the punt were two small boys, who were clearly very frightened. Instead of sitting down they were standing up in the boat, which was rocking dangerously. Suddenly the boat tilted to one side and shipped quite a lot of water, and began to submerge slowly near one of the small islands. The two boys, seeing their chance, jumped on to this island. Now they had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, because they were stranded.

We were not the only observers, because we saw a man jump on to his bicycle and go towards the fire-station. After a short time we heard the siren blasting, and the fire-engine came.

The firemen wasted no time in getting the boys off the island. First of all, they got a large ladder and, steadying it with ropes, they laid it across the gap between the bank and the side of the island. When the ladder was in position the boys crawled to safety across it.

I think the boys had been very silly to try and go boating on a swollen river. They should have now learned their lesson.

P. GILL (II.A).

A QUIET DAY

The house is very peaceful,
There is no noise at all.
No footsteps up and down the stairs,
No toys lying in the hall.

Her scooter's in the garden shed,
A cupboard hides the balls.
Such silence never before has been
Within these cottage walls.

She's had another day at school,
Yet how glad mother will be
To hear the noise that she will make
When she comes home for tea.

ANN MOSS (IV.B).

THE CIRCUS

The circus is in town to-night,
With lights and noise and fun,
So let us go and see it now,
This show for everyone.

The monkeys do their funny tricks,
And the bears do a dance.
High above the trapezists whirl,
While round the ponies prance.

The tigers show their shining coats,
The clowns their great big feet.
A man out of a cannon fired,
Makes all rise from their seat.

At last now all is over,
And home at once we go,
Saying to one another:
"It was a thrilling show."

JOAN HODGETTS (II.B).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

In comparison with last Term, this one has been rather dull, possibly because we have all been working harder—especially the Upper Sixth, who started their Advanced Level subjects for the G.C.E. examinations on June 15th.

Those who have been unfortunate enough to celebrate their birthdays during this term have been duly “dosed” with ridiculous gifts.

Private study periods have been much more peaceful, and thus more work has been done, and readers of last Term’s magazine may be interested to know that we are no longer working in the “twilight,” as someone has kindly supplied us with a bulb for the Music Room—at least we presume it was “supplied” and not “pinched” from a Form room by one of the unruly Lower Sixth. A certain society has also kindly left us a red bulb, and it is to be hoped that it will not be broken. Thus in our private studies we can almost work in comfort. Our happiness would be complete now if some kind soul would find us a wastepaper basket. The Sixth Form are always wanting something!

A great deal of interest has been taken by the boys this year in practising tennis on Thursdays after school in order to try to give the Staff better opposition when they are challenged by the Sixth Form later this Term. We can have no real hope of victory, as the team with greater experience will undoubtedly triumph, but we are greatly looking forward to the match.

Keyte is now the School Cricket Captain, but it is with regret that we report that the Sixth Form boys in the first team have scored a “grand” total of six runs between them in all their matches. Six girls have represented the School in the tennis teams, and two of our boys were in the first four of the cross-country race.

The radio in Room 14 works occasionally and is eagerly listened to—mostly, it must be confessed, for Test matches and T.T. races, but this can be excused, because there are no educational broadcasts during our dinner hour except “Listen with Mother,” and the majority of us have progressed beyond this stage.

We have had our social ups and downs, as usual, this Term, but on the whole we are a very united Form—friendly bickering being the nearest we have got, so far, to warfare.

JILL BUNTING.

A TRIOLET

Oh, how you do walk sedately so,
Oh, beautiful lady from Spain;
You think a lot of yourself, I know.
Oh, how you do walk sedately so;
Although I know not where you go,
I hope to see you again;
Oh, how you do walk sedately so.
Oh, beautiful lady from Spain.

MARCIA GRAIL (IV.A).

THE HURRICANE

In a snug little valley in a faraway land lay a small, peaceful village. Its houses were white, with red tiles on the roofs, and everything seemed asleep under the burning rays of the sun. The cornfields lay all golden in the sun, and no breeze broke the stillness. In the street, no children or dogs could be seen playing; everyone was indoors trying to hide from the sun's scorching rays.

All at once, the stillness was broken by a gentle breeze which made the golden cornfields in the valley ripple like waves on the sea. The breeze gradually grew into a wind, and large, black clouds appeared in the sky, blotting out the sun.

There was a hurricane brewing. The wind was whirling round and round, and the rain fell in huge drops. From out of the houses people came scurrying to collect the rain as it fell, but they soon scurried back to shelter from the torrential downpour. The golden cornfields were flattened, and the view of the golden corn waving in the gentle breeze was completely destroyed.

The wind and rain ceased as suddenly as they had begun. The streets and pavements were now like streams, all flowing down to the already swollen river. The black clouds rolled away, and down shone the sun's rays.

Into the streets came children and dogs, and soon the pavements and streets were all a mass of mud. The dogs eagerly started licking up the water which lay in still, muddy pools. The sun's scorching rays soon made the pavements and streets steam, but everything seemed brighter and cleaner after the refreshing rain.

MARIAN WARD (IV.A).

PEOPLE OF THE NORTH

Very few people that I know
Have ever seen an Eskimo,
Because so very few can stand
The cold and darkness of their land.
And fewer still have any wish
To breakfast every day on fish.
Or live for longer than is nice
In igloos underneath the ice.

Explorers sometimes pass this way,
But very seldom do they stay;
They speed their sledges through the snow
To find the Pole, then homeward go.

J. SHEPPARD (I.A).

THE BABY RABBIT

Late one May my father found a baby rabbit crouching, terrified, by a tuft of hay. It had been parted from its family. Father picked it up, and put it in his dinner-bag, on a bed of hay.

When he arrived home, he passed the rabbit to mother, saying: "Here is a new member for the family." Mother took one look at the creature, and asked how it was going to be fed, as it was too young to

eat solid food. Mother overcame this problem by getting a new oil can and fixing a piece of valve rubber on the end to protect the baby's teeth. So we got it sucking milk and water, and by feeding it six or seven times a day we reared it. Before long, it was eating green food, and soon began to grow up.

Time passed, the rabbit now being three parts grown. Mother decided to have it in the pot, but I'm afraid the rabbit must have heard mother's remark, and gnawed his way out of the hutch one night in bright moonlight. He never came back.

LESLEY HARPER (I.B).

V.a FORM NOTES

This Term we once more have Beryl Pope and Ann Swinglehurst as captain and vice-captain of Form V.A. Although this Term has had the dark shadow of General Certificate hanging over it, there seems to have been no serious atmosphere of study pervading the Form Room. On the contrary, there have been several mysterious escapades which seem to have been carried out by some "Phantom of the Fifth." Who, one may ask, hung "N's" gym shoes on the drain-pipe outside the window, and hid his sports kit among the model houses at the back of the form room? No one confesses to these crimes, but we all have our suspicions regarding a certain group of girls who study Latin.

On May 12th, the Practical Needlework examination caused a flurry among the minor section of V.A girls, and on May 25th, the French Oral Examination caused much speculation on the accent of each individual member of the form. However, we soon got used to Mr. McAlister's French, and all went quite successfully, and now all that remains to be dreaded are the results.

Most of the members of V.A are staying on to further their education, I believe, but those who are leaving wish to say "good-bye" to the School through these Form Notes.

CAROLYN WOODWARD.

TRAVEL THROUGH THE AGES

In great-great-grandad's day, of course,
Folk travelled round by coach and horse.
Till, thanks to man's inventive brain,
The horse was challenged by the train.

The train was followed by the car,
And both remain with us so far.
Next came the conquest of the air,
And aeroplanes were everywhere.

To-day we travel faster yet.
This is the age of speed by jet.
Which leaves one wondering just how soon
We'll go by rocket to the moon.

M. BAILEY (II.A).

JUNE, 1954

Cast not a clout till May be out,
That's what the old folks say.
But this year I think they must mean June.
As our winter clothes are not yet put away.

We still need our boots and our macs,
Umbrella and not a sunshade.
The fruit is still green, when it should be red,
And the hay still waits to be made.

We hope that soon the sun will shine,
And then we shall have such fun.
But then I expect that we shall complain
That we get too hot as we run.

WENDY DAVIS (I.B.)

A BUSY MORNING

As Saturday, June 5th, was the first day of our week's holiday, I had decided to have a long lie in bed. But alas, this did not happen.

I was awakened very early at about five o'clock by some moanings and groanings. I thought it was my pet cat waiting to be let in. Then I realised it was a more human groan than that. After a while I could hear my father refilling the hot water bottle. I thought that he must have had the same idea as I of staying in bed. I spoke to him and found out that my brother had violent stomach pains.

My father fetched the doctor, who soon realised that my brother had acute appendicitis, and a few minutes later there was an ambulance awaiting him. Of course, by this time I was in my everyday clothes and running up and down stairs as fast as my legs would carry me. My father then heard over the telephone that my brother had had his operation and was seriously ill with peritonitis. Of course, this spoilt my visit to the cinema. My father and mother were taken to my brother and I was left to do the housework. My brother is now improving, but when I remember that Saturday I have to smile, because I thought of taking it easy and I finished by doing more work than I usually do.

ANN PINFIELD (III.B.)

MY FIRST HOLIDAY ABROAD

After spending one night at Dover, we crossed the Channel to Dunkirk. It took three days to travel to Brittany, going via Rouen, Rennes and Nantes. We stayed at French farms each night. In every case the people were most hospitable.

When we arrived in Brittany, we camped on a farm at a fishing village near Lorient, called Brigneau. While we were there we visited most towns and villages in South Finisterre. We stayed in Brittany for nine days.

On coming back, we went via Quimper, St. Malo and St. Michel's Mount, which is out a little way to sea and is similar to the mount near Penzance, and it can be reached by a road at low tide. From there we

moved on to St. Lo, where we stayed the night. Then we went to Bayeaux, where the famous tapestry was made. We continued to the Arromanche beaches, where we saw the remains of the Mulberry Harbour; it was very interesting. Our road now led through Caen, Dieppe, Le Touquet and so to Boulogne and home.

When we arrived at Dover we were reminded to drive on the left, as we had been driving on the right for the last fortnight. It really was a grand holiday.

JANET BANKS (I.A).

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Near where I live is the home of a dog whose name is Darky. He is a great nuisance, for he loves to knock off the lids of dustbins. One day mummy heard the dustbin lid go bang, and she thought it must be Darky. She went outside, picked up the garden broom, held it above her head, and then she dashed round the corner to the dustbin, going "G-rrrrrr." When she reached the dustbin she found to her astonishment that it was not the dog but two very surprised dustmen. Mummy apologised and went back to the kitchen, where she roared with laughter at the mistaken identity.

ANITA BIRD (II.A).

A DAY TO REMEMBER

A day that I shall always remember is the Saturday in March when I went on a school outing to Wembley. I enjoyed myself very much, but on that particular day I was Fate's unlucky child.

To start the day, I almost missed the bus that was to take me to Alcester. When I was safely on the bus, a friend I had arranged to meet in Studley did not turn up. After reaching the coach in Alcester, I told the staff who were accompanying us, and the coach was held up for almost an hour. As she did not arrive then, we started on our journey, much to the relief of the Stratford members of the party.

We reached Wembley, and we had a grand time, cheering lustily for England. When the match was over, we started to make for the exit, and in the excitement I was separated from my friends. The crush was terrific. (I shudder to think what a F.A. Cup Final would be like.) I was swept towards the exit, with occasional glimpses of my friends. After a time I lost sight of them altogether, but I thought they would be waiting for me outside the Stadium. When I was outside at last, I could not see a single familiar face. I still was not very worried, for I thought I knew where our coach was. I thought I knew! After walking for about ten minutes I realised that I was walking towards a railway station, close to the Stadium. I really was worried by this time, but I was heartened by the sight of the motor coaches (all looking

very much alike). I reached the coaches and began to follow a high wire fence enclosing the coaches. I felt sure that I should see our coach somewhere. The fence came to a dead end. I started walking back, and was wondering what on earth to do when I caught sight of the coach. I flung myself aboard to cries of "Where have you been?" from my friends. I was speechless, but I realised that it was really my fault.

The remainder of the day passed without mishap, but although I did get lost, I enjoyed the outing immensely.

JUNE WEBB (IV.A).

NATIONAL SAVINGS

This group of the National Savings Movement is again able to report a successful year's work. Membership improved considerably as a result of the School's Recruitment Week last September, and over the year the savings totalled £302.

The number of regular savers has somewhat diminished during the Summer Term, but as the demands of ice-cream always seem to take a toll at this time of the year, perhaps that was only to be expected.

Please note that you may enrol any member of your family in your school group—always providing, of course, that they are willing to trust you with their money! It is worth while drawing their attention to the fact that certificates at 15s., purchased by saving for them with 6d. and 2s. 6d. stamps through this group, can be backdated almost a year.

May we see many more of you as members during the Autumn Term.

MISS YOUNG (Hon. Sec.).

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President: G. Keyte.

Treasurer: Goward.

Secretary: J. Peace.

Social Secretary: J. Bunting.

Our activities this Term have mostly been directed towards the entertainment that we annually give at the end of the Summer Term to the middle school. One or two play readings have been held, and these have met with mixed success, but we think that we now have one or two "possibles" for the programme.

We have also been trying hard to think of a new game, but at the moment we do not seem to be getting far with this. We hope that once again the B.B.C. will unwittingly give us some assistance. The games we organise are not only for our amusement but also help to train members of the society to organise social activities in their own towns and villages—a very useful accomplishment in outside activities.

We wish the best of luck to all members of the society who are leaving this Term.

G. D. KEYTE.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The fitting for the electric light has now been repaired, and we have been able to continue with work on enlargements for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition on Sports Day.

We have had a very interesting demonstration lecture on "Flash Photography." This afforded us two interesting afternoons, and we are indebted to Miss Webley for the use of her room, in which members had their portraits taken. Some photographs were also taken of the "Stoney Bloke." Good results were obtained by all.

Another demonstration lecture on "Colourform Toning" also gave us two interesting afternoons last Term. Results were pleasing and interesting.

SHEILA A. HALL (Hon. Treasurer).

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

This term the Scientific Society has continued to give talks. We have had talks on a wide variety of subjects, including whales, cinematography, aeroplanes, mines, diving bells and farming. We have also had a film show, presented by Smith i, which was also seen by the Aeromodelling Society and the Radio Society.

R. LEWIS, Secretary.

THE AERO-MODELLING SOCIETY

Some members have been constructing "solid" types of aircraft as a change from the flying models. One or two successful gliders have been tested, as well as jet models. A new model kit was awarded last Term to Lea for the best constructed aeroplane. The radio section has been constructing a short-wave set. The Society on two occasions has joined the Science Society for interesting film shows.

A.G.S. PLATOON, 7/11th BATTALION, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT, A.C.F.

This Term, training has proceeded steadily. The seniors are now well acquainted with all the parts of the Bren L.M.G., and the juniors have greatly improved their standard of drill. Preparations are going ahead for the intake of quite a large number of recruits next year.

In May, Cadet Stowe and Sergeant Miller represented the Battalion in the Inter-Battalion Sports at Warwick. Cadet Stowe ran in the 440 yards Junior race, and Sergeant Miller in the One Mile Senior. Both came in third.

SCOUTS

During Bob-a-job Week the Troop earned a sum of £9 15s. 6d. Hartill, by earning £1, had the highest individual total. Some Scouts

went camping for a week-end at Henley-in-Arden, under the supervision of Mr. Winter. Although the weather has not been good, outdoor games and activities have been held whenever possible. Tenderfoot testing has gone on regularly, knotting being the main concentration. There have been camping quizzes for the benefit of those going camping.

GUIDES

The main object this Term has been the Second Class Test, and nearly all the Guides are working hard for it.

The Company, represented by the Swallow Patrol (P.L., Gwyneth Richards) succeeded in getting into the Divisional competitions. They did not win, but all the Patrol worked well, and they all enjoyed it.

Our Captain, Miss Smith, has now received her warrant, and one Friday she took her first enrolment. We are hoping to go to camp this year with another Company in order that we may have more experience for future years.

CRICKET (BOYS)

Captain and Secretary : G. Keyte.

Vice-Captain : P. Bolt.

This Term we have had one of the youngest teams that we have had for some time. So far, the bowling and fielding have been quite fair, but batting is still our weakness. This we hope will improve with the practices that we are holding twice every week.

The weather has been very kind to us so far this Term, and we have been able to play all our matches, all of which we have lost. The one match we have played at home has shown that the new playing field cricket square is not yet as good as we hoped it would be.

The following boys have represented the School so far this Term : Peace, Merris, Davis, Lewis, Pinfield, Careless, Stowe, Newton, Thornton, Sale, Mills, Dormand, Bolt ii, Keyte.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 43 for 8 wkts. dec.—44 for 1 wkt.
 „ v. Hanley Castle G.S. (away), lost, 53—54 for 5 wkts.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 23—84.
 „ v. Stratford K.E.S. (away), lost, 43—134.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 19—74.

G. D. KEYTE.

TENNIS

This year we have had quite a successful season, but we have had to cancel two of our matches because of unfavourable weather. Our first victims were Chipping Campden, and we returned to School delighted by our victory, but our courage flagged when we were beaten in a keen match against Evesham soon afterwards. To Worcester we took a first and second team, but unfortunately both teams lost badly. In our only

evening match to date we played and won a hard match against Alcester Tennis Club.

This was not, according to the records, such a promising start as the one made last year, but we can hope for better things in the future.

The following have represented the School this year:—

First VI.: S. Winspear, M. Bunting, A. Swinglehurst, S. George, A. Lidgley, A. Palmer and J. Bunting.

Second VI.: P. Fowler, R. Highman, A. Holt, M. Lowe, B. Harrison and M. James.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st VI. v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 83—34 games.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 3—6 sets.
 „ v. Worcester G.S.G. (away), lost, 3—6 sets.
 „ v. Alcester Tennis Club (home), won, 5—4 sets.
 A.G.S. 2nd VI. v. Worcester G.S.G. (away), lost, 0—9 sets.

JILL BUNTING (Captain).

CRICKET (GIRLS)

Captain : A. Lidgley.

The Girls' Cricket Team has made a good start, the first two matches being drawn and won. Practices have been held on Monday evenings, which the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms have attended.

In our first match against Solihull the home team batted first and scored 36 for six declared. A.G.S. started dramatically, losing two wickets for none. However, we managed to draw and missed winning by 7 runs.

In the match with Studley College we batted first and scored 65 for the first wicket, and succeeded in scoring 102 for eight declared. Studley were soon dismissed for 22, owing to some excellent catches by A.G.S., and we won by 80 runs.

We have two more fixtures towards the end of Term against the Kingsley School and Studley College respectively.

The School has been represented by A. Lidgley, S. Winspear, K. Richards, J. Rawbone, B. Pope, A. Swinglehurst, S. Hall, P. Husband, R. Highman, S. George, P. O'Nions.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. v. Solihull H.S. (away), drawn, 30 for 9—36 for 6 dec.
 „ v. Studley College (home), won, 102 for 8 dec.—22.

A. L. L.

ROUNDERS

Captain : P. O'Nions.

In spite of bad weather, practices held regularly this Term on Thursday evenings have been attended enthusiastically, especially by the Second and Third Forms.

Although two of our members have been put in the tennis team this Term, the First IX. have been quite successful in all our matches but one. In most matches we won with good margins.

The Second Team have not been quite so successful this Term, but should do very well in the Terms to come, as it is mostly composed of the Lower School.

The 1st IX. has included : P. O'Nions, K. Richards, J. Rawbone, A. Moss, H. Smith, A. O'dell, N. Goldby, M. Scott, B. Whitehouse, A. Bluck.

The 2nd IX. has included : F. Jackson, P. Husband, A. Davis, J. Burford, S. Tilsey, A. Bird, E. Stewart, J. Bullock, J. Dugmore, C. Down.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st IX.	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 14—4.
"	v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), won, 13—8½.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 10—1.
"	v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), lost, 1—3½.
A.G.S. 2nd IX.	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 4½—8½.
"	v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 1—1½.
"	v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), lost, 1½—5.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

FOOTBALL

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Worcester J.T.C. (away), drawn, 1—1.
"	v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—1.
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost, 1—2.
SIDES:	Tomtits 9, Jackals 0; Jackals 6, Brownies 2; Tomtits 7, Brownies 1.
SIDES (Junior):	Jackals 4, Brownies 3; Tomtits 3, Jackals 1; Tomtits 8, Brownies 1.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st VI.	12	3	2	7	36	48

HOCKEY

A.G.S. 1st XI.	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), drawn, 1—1.
"	v. Leamington College (home), won, 5—1.
A.G.S. 2nd XI.	v. Leamington College (home), won, 12—1.
SIDES:	Jackals 3, Brownies 2; Jackals 1, Tomtits 0; Brownies 1, Tomtits 0.
SIDES (Junior):	Jackals 1, Brownies 0; Tomtits 1, Jackals 0; Tomtits 0, Brownies 0.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI.	14	8	3	3	41	27
A.G.S. 2nd XI.	8	5	—	3	23	9

Colours were awarded to R. Highman and A. Swinglehurst.

NETBALL

SIDES: Jackals 14, Tomtits 4; Brownies 8, Tomtits 5; Jackals 5, Brownies 3.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
A.G.S. 1st VII.	7	3	1	3	73	73
A.G.S. 2nd VII.	5	1	—	4	34	68

Colours were awarded to P. O'Nions, A. Swinglehurst and J. Rawbone.

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